


A  
Choice COLLECTION  
OF  
SONGS,  
That are Sung in the  
Beggars Opera.  
AT THE  
THEATRE  
IN  
*Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*  
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## A Choice Collection of SONGS.

*The Wheel of Fortune.*

**T**HE Wheel of Life,  
 quickly turning round  
 And nothing in this world  
 on certainty is found;  
 The Midwife wheel us in  
 and Death wheel us out,  
 Good lack! good lack! how  
 things are wheel'd about.  
 Some few aloft on Fortune's  
 wheel do go,  
 And as they mount up high  
 the others tumble low;  
 For this we all agree to at  
 Fate at first did sell;  
 That this great wheel should  
 ne'er once stand still  
 The Courtier turns to gain  
 his private ends,  
 Till he so giddy grown he  
 quite forgets his Friends;  
 Prosperity oft times deceives  
 the Proud and Vain,  
 And wheels about so fast  
 it turns them out again.  
 Some turns to this, to that,  
 and every way;  
 and cheat and scrape for what  
 can't purchase one poor day  
 But this is far below the  
 generous-hearted Man,  
 Who lives and makes the most  
 of Life he can.

And thus we'er wheel'd about  
 in Life's short Farce,  
 till we at last are wheel'd of  
 in a Rumbling Hearse;  
 The Midwife wheels us in and  
 Death Wheels us out,  
 Good lack! good lack! how  
 We are wheel'd about.

*A New Song in Praise of Bacchus.*

**B**ACCHUS, one day gayly striding,  
 on his never-failing Tun,  
 sneaking empty Pots deriding  
 thus address'd each Topping Son:  
 Praise the Joys that's never vary,  
 and adore the Liquid Shrine;  
 All things noble Gay and Airy,  
 are perform'd by generous Wine  
 Priests in Herbs Crown'd with Glory  
 owe their noble rise to me;  
 Poets wrote the flaming story,  
 fir'd by my Divinity,  
 If my Influence is wanting,  
 Music Charm: but slowly move  
 Beauty too in vain lyes panting  
 till all the Swains with Love.  
 If you crave eternal Pleasure,  
 Mortal! this way bend your Eye  
 From my ever flowing Treasure,  
 charming Scenes of Bliss arise;  
 Here's the soothing balm my blessing  
 sole dispeller of your Pain,  
 Gloomy Souls from Care Releasing  
 he who Drinks not, lives in vain

## The Slighted SWIN.

LOVE proves false, but  
 still she is Charming,  
 Nature like Beauty  
 her temper has made,  
 Subject to change, (range  
 O're each heart she will  
 always alarming,  
 Ever Disarming,  
 never dismay'd.  
 Banish my Sences, or  
 let her not Slight me,  
 Love ne'er was made  
 to inherit disdain

Love is A lubble (ble,  
 That gives Mankind trou-  
 Reflecting Extacy,  
 Drops with the Smile,  
 Airy And Vain  
 Sure Venus gave her that  
 face to Deceive me,  
 And gave the Boy but  
 one Arrow would fly,  
 Haste to thy Mother,  
 And beg for another  
 Cloe the MARK must be  
 MAKE her to pity me,  
 Ere that I Dye.

## A NEW SONG.

DOWN in the Vallies.  
 where sweet Lillies blow.

I met a pretty Dim'sel  
 with Skin as white as Snow,  
 Good Morrow lov'ly Creature  
 with Charmi'g Graceful Air,  
 Sure y the Gods delig'd  
 that I should meet here,  
 That Woman I beheld you  
 your charas so pierc'd my heart  
 I must have satisfaction  
 before that we do part.  
 Kind Sir, said me,  
 what is your Will with me;  
 Do but use me kindly  
 and well ne'er disagree,  
 I'm in the same Condition  
 Cupid has Wound my heart,  
 And made such deep Impression  
 I cannot bare the smart,  
 Quickly apply some Remedy  
 the Fury to Abate,  
 O Gods, I cannot bare it  
 the Torment is so great.  
 Then come my dear st J. wel-  
 let's sit beneath these Trees,  
 I'll soon apply a Remedy  
 shall give you present Ease,  
 What Morall can deny  
 to serve so sweet a Lass,  
 Then down they sat together  
 upon the the Verdant Grass,  
 And like a bright Phisician  
 he plaid so well his part  
 that he for ever after  
 won his Patient's Heart.

Cupid's Reward to the Sham Doctor



( 4 )  
**H**AD *Venus* been but kind,  
 and let me plaide my part,  
 And little cunning *Cupid*  
 had kept but back his Dart,  
 I'd have said such pretty Things:  
 and all that I could do;  
 That he ore Leap Year;  
 I'd have made her come to Woo  
 But *Venus* she was kind,  
 unto the Charming Maid,  
 And bid her ever Love with one  
 that would her Heart betray'd,  
 When e'er I Vow'd I Lov'd,  
 and it was with none but she,  
 She cry'd begone, O Fye,  
 you ne'er shall Ruin me  
 But then come pretty *Cupid*,  
 Arm'd with his Bow and Dart  
 And with his little Arrow  
 he pierc'd her to the Heart,  
 Which made her furr to Cry,  
 as she lay in her Pain,  
 Restore me but my Heart,  
 and I'll ne'er sham Love again.

The Lovers Opportunity: Or,  
*Stripp'on's Denie.*

**D**EAR Clee wee are alone,  
 No one is near,  
 Mammy's just gone from home,  
 what need we feare,  
 Grant me the Blessing,  
 of a ypeffling, (Joys  
 All that is fit to crown my  
 Sweet lovely Charmer,  
 My Soules a charmer, (Joy  
 Grant me that blif. I long to en

if i've offended,  
 'twas ne'er intended (day.  
 I'll ask your Pardon another  
 Dear Charmer no longer,  
*Streph* deny,  
 But on these paining Breast  
 there let me lye,  
 and taste that blessing,  
 beyond Expressing,  
 While love & raptures crowns  
 [our joys;  
 with sweet tender Kisses,  
 and mutual bliss;  
 I'll in your arms in exticy lye,  
 no more alarm me  
 nor beauty charm me (e'es.  
 but the bright charms of clee's  
 The Country-Wake.

**A** Country life is sweet.  
 in moderate cold or heat  
 to walk in the air,  
 so charming and rare  
 is every field of wheat  
 the goddess of flowers  
 adorn'd is her bowers  
 and every maid a now  
 herefore i say  
 no cou tier may  
 compare to they  
 that's cloath'd in grev  
 that follows the painfu' plow  
 that follows the painful plow  
 we rise with the morning lark  
 and labour till almost dark  
 still vvatching of sheep  
 vve listen to keep

while

in every field and park  
 while flowers are spring  
 and birds they are singing  
 in every field orough  
 what sweet content  
 with merriment  
 who's day is spent  
 that's fully bent,  
 to follow the painful plow  
 to follow the painful plow.

Each country lad repair  
 to every wake or fair  
 with Sarah and Sew  
 Kate Bridget and true  
 no manner of charge they spare  
 in seasons of leisure  
 thus taking their pleasure  
 such liberty they allow  
 the rural train  
 gangs over the plain  
 thro' snow or rain  
 with speed again  
 to follow the painful plow  
 to follow the painful plow.

Thus from each country-wake  
 the shepherd his shepherdes take  
 no sorrow nor care  
 does there appear  
 they value no labour great  
 when home they're returning  
 their pleasure is crowning  
 each nymph does adore her  
 with mutual love (swain)  
 left from above  
 they crown the groves  
 where Cupid roves  
 to follow the painful plow  
 to follow the painful plow.

The valliant Sailor.

(5)  
**Y**OU Gentlemen of *England*,  
 That live at Home at Ease,  
 Little do you think

The Danger of the Seas;  
 Give Ear unto the Mariners  
 And they will plainly shew,  
 Of the Cares, of the Fear,  
 where the stormy wind do blow.

All you that will be Seamen,  
 Must bear a Valiant Heart;  
 And when you come upon the Seas  
 You must not think to start,  
 Nor yet to be faint hearted,  
 In *Hail, Rain, Blow, or Snow*,  
 Nor to think, for shrink  
 When the stormy, &c.

when Enemies do oppose us,  
 And *England* is at wars,  
 Into some Foreign Nation  
 we fear no wounds nor scars,  
 Our roaring Guns shall teach us  
 Our Valour for to show,  
 And we Real, in the Real,  
 while the stormy, &c.

*Sometime in Neptune's Bosom,*  
*Our Ship is toss'd with Waves,*  
*Expecting every Moment*  
*the Seas to be our Graves*  
*then up aloft she Mounted*  
*And down again so low*  
*'tis the waves on the Seas &c.*

When

*When we do come home  
And take wages for our Pains,  
the tappers and the Vintners,  
they help to share our Gains,  
we call for liquor roundly Boys,  
And Pay before we go  
And we'll Roar on the Shore,  
while the stormy winds do blow.*

*The Play of LOVE.*

**T**HE Play of love is now begun,  
And thus the Actions do go on,  
Straphon, enamour'd, courts the Fair  
She hears him with a careless Air  
And smiles to find him in love's snare.  
The act tune play'd, they meet again  
here Pitty moves her for his Pain,  
which she evades with some pretence  
and thinks she may with less dispence,  
but pants to hear a Man of Sense.  
The third approach her lover makes,  
She colours up when e'er he speaks,  
but with feign'd Sights still put him  
And faintly cries she can't comply, by  
Altho' she gives her heart the lye.  
Now the plot rises he seems shy,  
as if some other Fair he'd try,  
at which she swells with spleen & fear  
Least some more wise his love should  
[share,  
which yet no Woman e'er can bear.  
The last act now is wrought so high  
That thus it crowns the lovers joy,  
She does no more his Passion Shun,  
but strait into her Arms does run,  
The Curtain falls the Play is done

*The Dispairing Swain.*

**A**H lovely Nymph!  
I'm quite undone,  
Tis only you  
has caus'd my smart;  
Thine bright Eyes  
exceeds the Sun,  
'tis they have rob'd  
me of my heart.

turn I vely Nymph  
those Eyes of shine  
look upon thy  
tender Swain  
Angel like Creature  
most Divine  
Yield me some comfort  
to my Pain

With wand'ring thoughts  
my heart's oppress'd  
No Ease at all  
my dear I have  
Day brings no comfort  
night no rest  
to me your ever  
Conquer'd Slave,

assist me then ye  
Powers above  
Who's mighty Works  
are all Divine  
Grant me the bliss  
that she I love  
May for evermore  
be mine



Another to the same tune.

**G**ENTLY touch the vvibling Lye  
**C**LOE seems inclin'd to rest,  
 Fill her **S**O **U**L with fond desire,  
 softe'st **N**otes will sooth her best,  
 Pleasing **D**ream **A**ssist in **L**O **V**E,  
*Let them all propitious Prove.*

On the Mossy Bank **S**H **E** lies,  
 Natures Verdant Velvet Bed,  
 beaution **F**lowers meet her eyes,  
 Forming **P**illows for her Head,  
*Zepherous waft thy Odours Round,*  
*and Indulgent Whispers Sound.*

**C**ÆLIA's Coyness : Or. The Roving Lover.

**C**Elia pray why do you Rail at young Men,  
 Because your unconstant you do us condemn  
 You slight all our proffers and do us disdain,  
 But yet if we go, to another we know,  
 'Twill make you with anger & passion complain  
 When we approach then you seem very shy,  
 if we ask a faviour you d' u deny,  
 If we give you smiles y'u return us again,  
 cross Frowns with an Air, to make us disparte,  
 Then laugh at our Torments and smile at our pain

*Altho*

*Altho' now you seem so proud and so coy.  
And so Often deny me; You fain would Enjoy,  
the pleasures of being a Mother and Bride,  
Then Celia be kind, I will know your Mind,  
For Women still covit what Oft they've deny'd.*

*Yet Celia I'll tell you Before that I go  
I'm no whining Lover I'de have you to know,  
I can Love when I please and can let it alone  
The Girl that is free, is a Damsel for me,  
That Returns Love again and hereth our moan  
Since Celia's so coy I'll Leave the proud lass,  
Take wine For me Mistress me Bottle & glass,  
I'll set and I'll court at my pleasure & Fate,  
When i please may Enjoy she'l never be coy,  
court when I will & love when i please,  
Then farewell Proud Celia i'll bid you adieu,  
No more will I court such proud Lasses as you,  
I'll ne're be a Slave to yo. temper or Charms,  
For She that is free, is a Mistress for me,  
With joy i'll Receive the dear Girl in my Arms.*

*The Answer.*

*F*or Fop forbare our Sex to Disdain,  
You may get our Anger bu. ne're gives us Pain,  
Such Fops ne'er yet could conquer our Heart,  
For Girls that are Free, with you Agree  
I'll ne're be deluded by any false Heart.

*You need not to take your farewell of me  
You never invited to stay Sir sha' be,  
I'm willing to Part with such Fools that are prone,  
For to know the Minds, of all Women kind  
When scarce for a Moment, they know not there own.*

*F I N I S.*





